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At the Sign of the Dollar



"SAY, WHAT IS ETERNITY, NATURE AND GOD,
COMPARED WITH THE INTER-GRAB GASLIGHTING CO?"

AT THE SIGN OF THE DOLLAR

By WALLACE IRWIN
Pictures by E. W. KEMBLE



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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dear Reader, pray stand with your hat in your hand,
While the Author's plain duty is done.
I will not dissemble—the pictures by Kemble,
Were loaned by P. Collier & Son.
To Collier is due thanks for many rhymes, too;
To Life and the Globe *grand merci,*
And still others yet I'll acknowledge the debt,
Of my Muse, and my music, and me.

AT THE SIGN OF THE DOLLAR.

At the Sign of the Dollar the Pilgrim lags,
And the Saint drives up with his money-bags.
Tinkle-and-chink goes the merry din
Of the all-night game they are playing within.

Ho! Mr. Landlord, welcome them all,
Saint and sinner, mighty and small,
While the shorn lambs bleat and the gold-
calves bawl
At the jolly old Sign of the Dollar!

At the Sign of the Dollar the bets fly fast
As under the table the cards are passed;
Or the Honored Citizen wins the stakes
With the loaded dice which he slyly shakes.

Ho! Mr. Landlord, welcome the van,
Statesman, lawyer, business man—
Rob-as-rob-will or catch-as-catch-can,
At the jolly old Sign of the Dollar!

AT THE SIGN OF THE DOLLAR

PROCESSIONAL

(Suggested by Lawson's famous "Portrait of Myself.")

Wake up, Muse! get busy with the lime-light and the thunder,
Hot-air, sulphur, chloroform and braying trumpets hoarse!
Jove, turn in a fire-alarm, and, Mortals, stand from under—
Here comes Thomas Lawson with the Bandits of the Bourse!

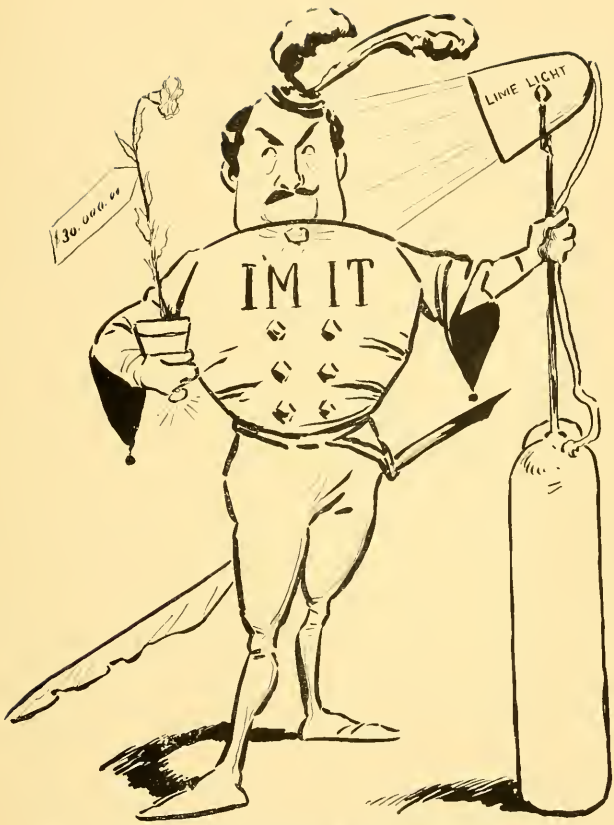
Wow!! Skeedaddle, priests of Baal—clear out and cease to bore us—
Hither rides Elijah in a Boston auto-car—
Maidens, scatter Lawson pinks and raise your Frenzied Chorus,
Sending Wrong to stygian deeps, and Copper Range to par!

Who is it a-riding at the head of the procession?
Who the captives chained and bound athwart his chariot wheels?
One need hardly answer such a very foolish question—
That is Truthful Thomas with the System at his heels.

See poor Rockefeller limping feebly with the vanquished,
Sunlight beating fiercely on his head so bowed and bare;
See Hank Rogers following, his features drawn and anguished,
Crying as he stumps along, "O spare us, Cæsar, spare!"

What! Is *that* P. Morgan, lord of Artist, Cook and Scullion,
Led behind the Victor with a ring drawn through his nose?
What! Is *that* Carnegie, patron saint of Books and Bullion,
Howling as the whip-lash falls athwart his Scottish hose?

Woe among the Golden Gang, for Lawson he has spoken!



"WHERE'S THE KNIGHT MORE TRAINED TO KICK CORRUPTION IN THE EYE?"

(That's no lie, for speaking is the best thing that he does.)
" Lo! the zinc-toothed, gawping maw of Wall Street shall be broken,
Mammon shall be swatted—and the Swatter shall be US!

" Where's the lad more fit than me to splificate oppression?
Where's the knight more trained to kick Corruption in the eye?
Where's the real Sir Galahad?—(Excuse this shy expression.
Public life's distressing to a quiet, modest guy.)

" Friends and fellow-citizens, we're poor men all together—
We don't choose to stand around and see our money spent!
Wait till I get Rogers' little Copper Trust in tether,
Then each woman, man, and child shall have—a copper cent! "

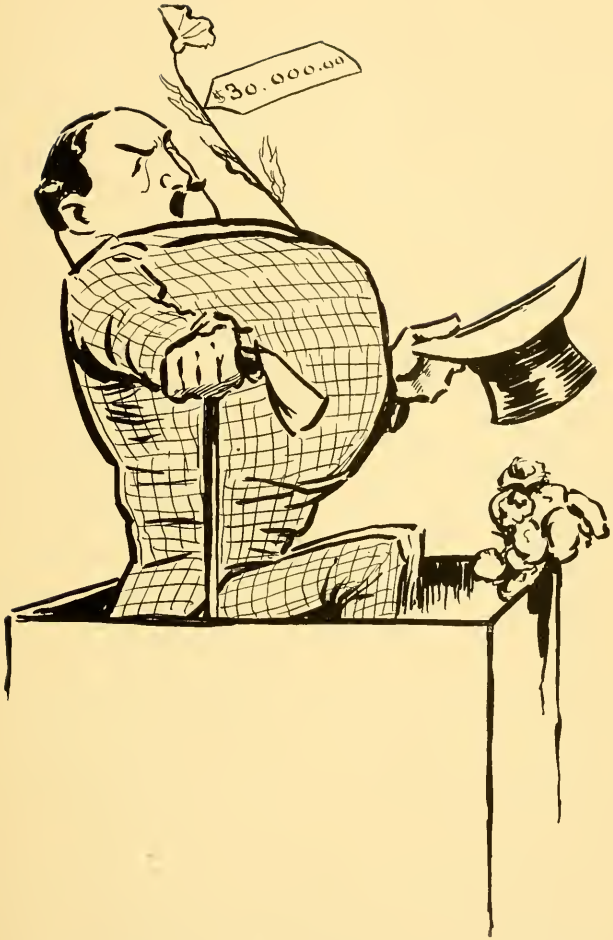
Bang the brazen cymbals! the procession onward sweeping,
See the Frenzied Financiers behind his chariot trudge.

Banks are paying dividends, the poor for joy are weeping,
Earth is crying, "Ave Tom!" and heaven is crying, "Fudge!"

* * * *

In the streets of Boston, where the Triumph proudly capers,
Literary statues are behaving very queer.
Lowell, in some embarrassment, consults his "Bigelow Papers,"
Emerson says, "Goodness me!" and rubs his marble ear.

Up on Boston Common there's a statue being builded,
Labelled, "Chapters Gone Before" and "Chapters Still Unread,"
Representing Lawson on a pillar highly gilded
Reading proof and selling stocks while standing on his head.



"EARTH IS CRYING 'AVE TOM!' AND HEAVEN IS CRYING 'FUDGE!'"

THE LOST INVENTOR

Patriotic fellow-citizens, and did you ever note
How we honor Mr. Fulton, who devised the choo-choo boat?
How we glorify our Edison, who made the world to go
By the bizzy-whizzy magic of the little dynamo?
Yet no spirit-thrilling tribute has been ever heard or seen
For the fellow who invented our Political Machine.

Sure a fine, inventive genius, who has labored long and hard,
Till success has crowned his research, should receive a just reward.
The Machine's a great invention, that's continually clear,
Out of nothing but corruption making millions every year—
Out of muck and filth of cities making dollars neat and clean—
Where's the fellow who invented the Political Machine?

Hail the complex mechanism, full of cranks and wires and wheels,

Fed by graft and loot and patronage, as noiselessly it reels.
Press the button, pull the lever, clickety-click, and set the vogue
For the latest thing in statesmen or the newest kind of rogue.
Who's the man behind the throttle? Who's the Engineer unseen?
"Ask me nothin'! Ask me nothin'!" clicks that wizard, the Machine

THE PANAMA BROOK

I come from haunts of Washington
 And make a sudden sally
To rouse the sleepy Isthmian
 And bicker through his valley.

Through thirty hills they'll shovel me,
 Through thirty Constitutions,
By thirty millions in Paree
 And thirty revolutions.

Till through the microbe beds I flow
 Toward the yellow fever;
For germs may come and germs may go,
 But I go on forever.

And in and out they draw my route,
 With here an angry Solon,
And here and there a question mark,
 And here and there a Colon.

With here and there a Watterson
 To rant of " P. Vanilla,"
And here a Nicaragua gun
 From some outraged flotilla.

But still my undug banks I fret
 By many a tropic hovel,

And wonder where the deuce they'll get
The laborers to shovel.

For while my dank miasmas grow
Malaria's saffron fever,
Disease may come, disease may go,
But I go on forever.

THE REVERIES OF A WHITE-WASHER

Oh, a whitewasher stood at the Capitol steps,
And worked with his main and his might
To cover the spots and the national blots
With a coat of indelible white.

'Twas a tough little job as he threw on each gob
Of blanketing, comforting, innocent goo;
But he labored with spunk, as he thunk and he thunk
The following thoughts, which I'm giving to you:—

"Since the railroads are invariably honest,
And the Beef Trust's being managed at a loss;
Since the gas gangs, in communion, are a philanthropic union,
Making happy all the cities that they cross,

"Let us turn our thoughts to higher, nobler topics,
Let us speak of ancient history or Poe,
Let us send to deep perdition every sneaking, base suspicion
Of our honest, simple neighbors here below.

"Do you think a noble statesman in the senate
Would accept a higher mileage than he ought?
That a decent legislator would take tips just like a waiter?
Oh, my friends, forget that very wicked thought!

"And hasn't Mr. Garfield shown the Beef Trust
Quite averse to worldly grovelings for pelf?
Doesn't Rockefeller, grieving, think of heaven more than thieving,
As he's very fond of telling us himself?

"Let us speak of public monuments and sculpture,
And the influence of art upon the day,—
Let's admire that statue pleasing Governor Pettypicker's raising
To the fumigated memory of Quay.

"It is hard to think of Mr. Hogdon Charmour
As poisoning the mutton that we eat,
Or as charging Klondike prices for the beef he daily slices,—
Why, he's such a perfect gentleman to meet!



"FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS, WE'RE POOR MEN ALL TOGETHER"

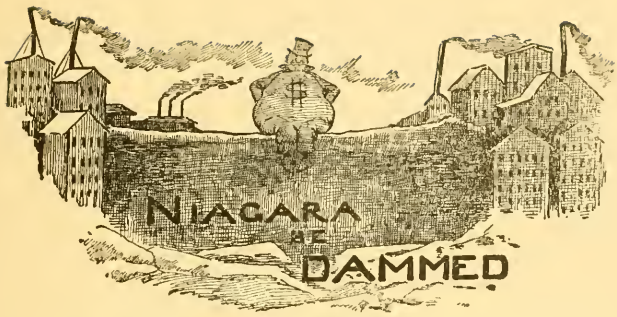
" And it's horrid mean of Folk to mention grafters,
Or for La Follette to swamp the railway deal:
And, as for Hoch, of Kansas, his effrontery unmans us
When he calls the Standard's enterprise ' a steal! '

" There is far too much of this investigation,
Which merely breeds dissension and unrest;
Don't you think the men of station who are farming out the nation
Are considerately acting for the best?

" It is wrong to steal a horse or break a window,
It is wrong to kill a widow with an ax;
And I'm sure such crimes disgusting can't be blamed upon the trust-ing
Gentlemen whom you malign by your attacks.

" Far better those inclined to kick and cavil
Should stay at home and think about their souls,
Than be always poking after some obscure but honest grafter,
Stirring up a nasty mess around the polls!

"Then, come, let's think of finer, sweeter
topics,
Child culture, home life, caring for the
teeth,
While the nation is reclining in a coat of kal-
somining
Meant to symbolize the purity beneath."



"Them beauties o' Nature," said Senator Grabb,
As he spat on the floor of Justitia's halls,
"Is pretty enough and artistic enough—
Referrin', of course, to Niagara Falls,
Whose waters go rumblin' and mumblin' and grumblin'
And tearin' and stumblin' and bumblin' and tumblin'
And foamin' and roarin',
And plungin' and pourin'
And wastin' the waters God gave to us creechers
To wash down our liquor and wash up our feechers—
Then what in the deuce
Is the swish-bingled use
O' keepin' them noisy old cataracts busy

To give folks a headache and make people
dizzy?

"Some poets and children and cripples and
fools
They say that them Falls is eternal. That
so?
Say, what is Eternity, Nature, and God
Compared to the Inter-Graft Gaslighting
Co.?
Could all the durn waterfalls born in creation
Compete with a sugar or soap corporation?
But Nature, you feel,
Has a voice in the deal?
She ain't. For I'm deaf both in that ear and
this un—
If Nature talks Money I'm willin' to listen!
So bring on your dredges,
And shovels and sledges,
Yer bricklayers, masons, yer hammers and
mauls—
The public be dammed while we dam up the
Falls.

"Jest look at the plans o' me beautiful dream!
A sewer-pipe conduit to carry the Falls
Past eight hundred mill-wheels (great savin'
of steam);



"THE PUBLIC BE DAMNED WHILE WE DAM UP THE FALLS."

The cliffs to be covered with dump heaps and walls,
With many a smokestack and fly-wheel and pulley,
Bridge, engine, and derrick—say, won't it look bully!
With furnices smokin',
And stokers a-stokin'
With factory children a-workin' like Scotches
A-turnin' out chewing-gum, shoe-laces, watches,
And kitchen utensils,
And patent lead-pencils,
And mission-oak furniture, pie-crust, and flannels—
Thus turnin' Niag' to legitimate channels.

"The province o' Beauty," said Senator Grabb,
"Is bossed by us fellers that know what to do.
When Senator Copper hogs half of a State
He builds an Art Palace on Fift' Avenoo.
What people believed in the dark Middle Ages
Don't go in this chapter o' history's pages,
And the worship of mountains
And rivers and fountains

Is sinful, idolatrous, dark superstition—
And likely to lose in a cash proposition.
 Ere the good time is past
 Let's git busy and cast
Our bread on the waterfall—it'll come back.
We'll first pass the Grabb Bill, and then pass
 the sack."

THE MISSIONARY AND THE STANDARD OIL

A missionary gentleman he crossed the lisping tide
And landed on a desert isle where cannibals reside,
And soon he saw a savage man who he distinctly knew
Was Emperor To-Tommy of the tribe of Gumbo Goo.

" O savage man, O savage man, come hither as you should,
For here I have some articles intended for your good;
Some shaving-soap, a button-hook, a shirt of great expanse,
And those bi-furcate garments by the vulgar known as ' pants.' "

The cannibal he gulped and blushed, not knowing what to say;
He bit his nails, and answered in a halting, sheepish way,
" Oh, think me not ungrateful for your kindly, thoughtful toil—
But, sir, I cannot take a gift that's bought by Standard Oil! "

"Tush! nonsense!" said the saintly man,
"You shouldn't mind a bit—
Try on these patent leather shoes. I'm sure
they'll be a fit."
But stubbornly the cannibal his kingly feet
withdrew
And gazed across the palmy shades of tropic
Gumbo Goo.

"'Tis true," he said, "my simple ways you
probably despise;
On truffled babes and human steaks I often
gormandize;
I sometimes kill my neighbors, too, I some-
times beat my wife—
But otherwise I've always led a sweet,
straightforward life.

"If Rockefeller had but made his monumen-
tal sum
In peanuts, leather, almanacs, health-food or
chewing-gum,
I might be willing with his gifts my royal
hands to soil—
But one must draw the line somewhere; I
draw at Standard Oil."

The chieftain's voice was choked with sobs.
"I'll not get over this.
Perhaps—perhaps you'll come again. I'll
take it not amiss,

Next time you call around this way, if you
should bring to me
Some Art from Pierpont Morgan or some
Books from Andrew C."

The missionary packed his grip, and naught
he had to say,
But with a tired, discouraged air he sadly
turned away,
Then whistled for the pilot-boat and silently
withdrew
From Emperor To-Tommy of the isle of
Gumbo Goo.

IF CHRIST SHOULD GO TO CHURCH

Bare of head and bare of feet
Christ and Poverty walked the street,

Past the curse and the muck and the grime,
Past the door and the haunt of crime,

Past the glare and the flaunt of sin,
And it was a Church that he entered in.

The Christmas prayer at the desk was said,
And the Rich Parishioner bowed his head.

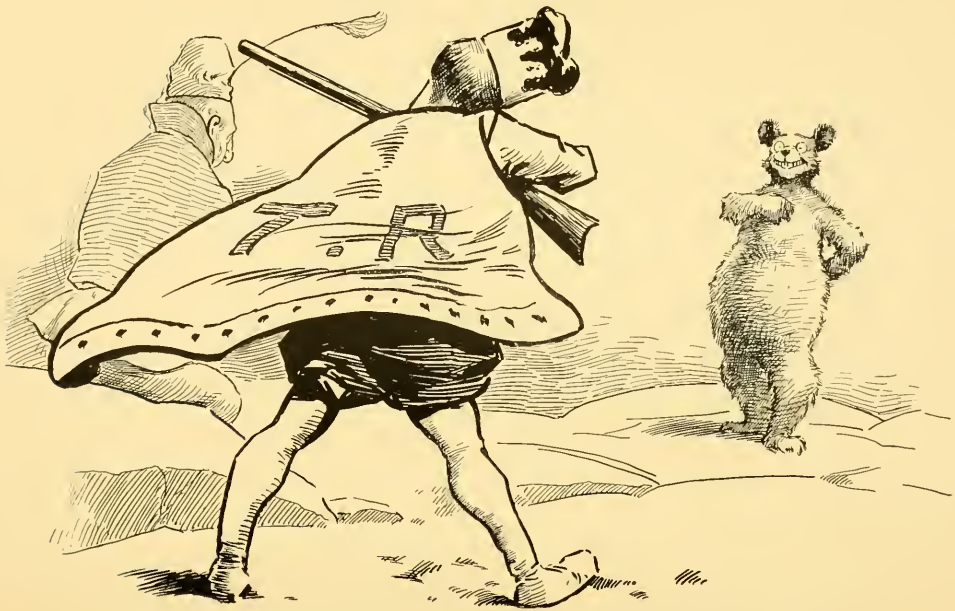
Through the carven oak of the organ-loft
The golden music trembled soft,

And a high-priced tenor, sweet of throat,
Poured through the arches his mellow note.

In the velvet reach of each cushioned pew
The pampered worshippers dozed, for they knew

The gifts and bequests that could insure
Their seats in the House of God secure.

" O come, all ye faithful! " the pastor said,
And the Rich Parishioner bowed his head.



"DEE-LIGHTED!" CRIES THE SMILING BEAR AS HE WAITS AND HOLDS HIS BREATH

Velvet and furs on every side,
Sloth and fatness, vanity, pride,

Then where in the Temple of Prayer was a seat
For the tattered of gown and the bare of feet?

Sat a simple bench by the panelled door.
" Reserved for the Poor " was the sign it bore.

And the Poor Parishioner huddled there—
Small place had he in the Temple of Prayer.

Old and feeble and mendicant,
Yet humble withal and a suppliant.

And the Son of Man, as he entered, eyed
The throng who knelt to the prayer of pride,

Then he turned to the suppliant shabby and hoar
And sat in the Pauper's Bench by the door.

" O come, all ye faithful," the pastor said,
And Christ and Poverty bowed the head.

THE BALLAD OF GRIZZLY GULCH

The rocks are rough, the trail is tough,
The forest lies before,
As madly, madly to the hunt
Rides good King Theodore
With woodsmen, plainsmen, journalists
And kodaks thirty-four.

The bob-cats howl, the panthers growl,
"He sure is after us!"
As by his side lopes Bill, the Guide,
A wicked-looking cuss—
"Chee-chee!" the little birds exclaim,
"Ain't Teddy stren-oo-uss!"

Though dour the climb with slip and slime,
King Ted he doesn't care,
Till, cracking peanuts on a rock,
Behold, a Grizzly Bear!
King Theodore he shows his teeth,
But he never turns a hair.

"Come hither, Court Photographer,"
The genial monarch saith,
"Be quick to snap your picture-trap
As I do yon Bear to death."
"Dee-lighted!" cries the smiling Bear,
As he waits and holds his breath.



"THEN COMES A DISAPPOINTED WAIL FROM EVERY ROCK AND TREE."

Then speaks the Court Biographer,
And a handy guy is he,
" First let me wind my biograph,
That the deed recorded be."
" A square deal! " saith the patient Bear,
With ready repartee.

And now doth mighty Theodore
For slaughter raise his gun;
A flash, a bang, an ursine roar—
The dready deed is done!
And now the kodaks thirty-four
In chorus click as one.

The big brown bruin stricken falls
And in his juices lies;
His blood is spent, yet deep content
Beams from his limpid eyes.
" Congratulations, dear old pal! "
He murmurs as he dies.

From Cripple Creek and Soda Springs,
Gun Gulch and Gunnison,
A-foot, a-sock, the people flock
To see that deed of gun;
And parents bring huge families
To show what *they* have done.

On the damp corse stands Theodore
And takes a hand of each,
As loud and long the happy throng
Cries, " Speech! " again and " Speech! "
Which pleaseth well King Theodore,
Whose practice is to preach.

" Good friends," he says, " lead outdoor lives
And Fame you yet may see—
Just look at Lincoln, Washington,
And great Napoleon B.;
And after that take off your hats
And you may look at me! "

But as he speaks, a Messenger
Cries, " Sire, a telegraft! "
The king up takes the wireless screed
Which he opens fore and aft,
And reads: " The Venezuelan stew
Is boiling over.

" TAFT."

Then straight the good King Theodore
In anger drops his gun
And turns his flashing spectacles
Toward high-domed Washington.
" O tush! " he saith beneath his breath,
" A man can't have no fun! "



"THE CONSTITUTION RIDES BEHIND, THE BIG STICK BEFORE."

Then comes a disappointed wail
From every rock and tree.
" Good-by, good-by! " the grizzlies cry
And wring their handkerchee.
And a sad bob-cat exclaims, " O drat!
He never shot at me! "

So backward, backward from the hunt
The monarch lopes once more.
The Constitution rides behind
And the Big Stick rides before
(Which was a rule of precedent
In the reign of Theodore).

THE PARTY WAKENERS

Senator Yawn and Governor Snore,
General Doze and Congressman Bore,
Went on the stump with the hope possessed
To waken their party interest.

So in Reubensville they hired a hall,
Gave a procession to open the ball,
Gathered a crowd and began to preach
A soothing instalment of campaign speech.

Senator Yawn first took the stump
And spoke on "The Issues of Umpty-ump-
ump."
Then Governor Snore very eloquent grew
On the "Terrible Danger of Doodle-dum-
doo."

Then General Doze for an hour spoke he
On the "Growing Importance of Fiddle-dee-
dee,"
And Congressman Bore drew some rainbows
tropic
On an equally interesting topic.

When the speeches were done came a mo-
ment's pause,
And the speakers waited in vain for applause;



"AND AFTER THAT TAKE OFF YOUR HATS AND YOU MAY LOOK AT ME."

For their audience lay on the benches, deep
In a trance-like spell of unnatural sleep.

Said Senator Yawn to Governor Snore,
And General Doze to Congressman Bore,
" It's a strange, strange thing, but the lack is
plain
Of popular interest in this campaign."

SENATOR COPPER'S HOUSE

Senator Copper of Tonapah Ditch
Made a clean billion in minin' and sich,
Hiked fer Noo York, where his money he blew
Buildin' a palace in Fift' Avenoo.
"How," sez the Senator, "can I look proudest?
Build me a house that'll holler the loudest—
None o' yer slab-sided, plain mausoleums—
Give me the treasures of art and museums;
Build it new-fangled,
Scalloped and angled,
Fine, like a weddin' cake garnished with pills;
Gents, do your dooty—
Trot out yer beauty,
Give me my money's worth—I'll pay the bills."

Forty-eight architects came to consult,
Drawin' up plans for a splendid result;
If the old Senator wanted to pay,
They'd give 'im Art with a capital A,
Every style from the Greeks to the Hindoos,
Dago front porches and Siamese windows,
Japanese cupolas fightin' with Russian,
Walls Senegambian, Turkish, and Prussian;

Pillars Ionic,
Eaves Babylonic,
Doors cut in scallops, resemblin' a shell;
Roof wuz Egyptian,
Gables caniptian,
Whole grand effect, when completed, wuz—
hell.

When them there architects finished in style,
Forty-nine sculptors waltzed into the pile,
Swingin' their chisels in circles and lines,
Carvin' the stone work in fancy designs;
Some favored animals—tigers and snakes;
Some favored cookery—doughnuts and cakes,
Till the whole mansion wuz crusted with orn'-
ments,
Cellar to garret with hammam adornments—
Lettuce and onions,
Cupids and bunions,
Fowls o' the air and the fish o' the deep,
Mermaids and dragons,
Horses and wagons—
Isn't no wonder the neighbors can't sleep!

Senator Copper, with pard'nable pride,
Showed the grand house where he planned to
abide;
Full of emotion, he scarcely could speak;
" Can't find its like in Noo York—it's uneek!

See the variety, size, and alignment,
Showin' the owner has wealth and refinement,
Showin' he's one o' the tonier classes—
Who can *help* seein' my house when he passes?
Windows that stare at you,
Statoos that swear at you,
Steeples and weather-vanes pointin' aloof;
Nuthin' can beat it—
Jest to complete it
Guess I'll stick gold-leaf all over the roof!"



"HOW," SEZ THE SENATOR, "CAN I LOOK PROUDEST?
BUILD ME A HOUSE THAT'LL HOLLER THE LOUDEST?"

THE INNOCENTS

Says Mr. Armour, as he makes
A famine rate on stews and steaks,
" There's doubtless truth in what you say,
That evil Trusts exist to-day,
But kindly note before you go,
There *is* no Beef Trust—mercy, no! "

Says Mr. Rogers, as he signs
Death-warrants for competing mines,
" I heartily agree with you
That unfair combinations do
A deal of nasty mischief—but
There *is* no Copper Trust—tut-tut! "

With fresh foreclosures in his hands
The saintly Rockefeller stands.
" These mergers, when unchecked," he sighs,
" I have no doubt demoralize;
But Sin will Retribution bring—
An Oil Trust? Nonsense—no such thing! "

While prices rise on anthracite,
Says Mr. Baer, " It isn't right
To make the toiling public bleed
For the commodities they need.
Cases like these the laws should fit—
A Coal Trust? Never heard of it! "

Says Mr. Satan, as he draws
His fiery trident through his claws,
"The world, no doubt, to Sin is quick;
But wherefore blame it to Old Nick,
When circumstances plainly show
There *is* no Devil—mercy, no!"

THE MILL

What is it the mill says—
 Turn and feed, turn and feed—
Grinding out the story-books
 That the people read?
" Grind, grind, grill and grind,
Novels strong and works refined,
Romances writ histori-cally,
Social problems shilly-shally,
Local color, tommyrot,
Melodramas wild in plot,
 Novels gay,
 Tales of sorrow,
 Read to-day
 Forgot to-morrow—
Tastes change, market varies;
Sporting clubs and seminaries
 All require their special kind—
Read, read!
As I feed,
 As I grind, grill and grind."

What is it the mill says,
 Busily, busily,
Turning out the grist of plays
 That the people see?
" Grind, grind, grill and grind,
Round and round and never mind

Record season, or fiasco—
Frohman, Savage, or Belasco,
Each requires his special scene
Built for star or actoreen,
Dramas gay,
Shows of sorrow,
Boomed to-day,
Forgot to-morrow;
Farces light and plots unwieldy;
Hose-supporters Weberfieldy;
Bernard Shaw's or Ibsen's kind—
Buy, buy
Our supply,
As I grind, grill and grind."

What is it the mill says—
Chaff and sticks, chaff and sticks—
Grinding out the daily grist,
Law and politics?
" Grind, grind, grill and grind,
To supply the proper kind;
Fan the dust and sift the issues,
Platforms, tariffs, party tissues,
Gold or silver, cold or warm,
Business, boodle, or reform,
Bonds to pay,
Bonds to borrow,
Pledged to-day,
Forgot to-morrow—

Catch-words subtle, phrases candid
I'll supply as they're demanded
To inspire the public mind.
Vote! Vote!
Rhyme or rote,
As I grind, grill and grind."

MAXIMS OF A MONOPOLIST

If a business falls in line
And opposes our combine,
Buy it up!

Do not stop to argufy
On the wherefore or the why:
Make them sell when you would buy—
Buy it up!

If some little private mill
Grinds its corn against our will,
Buy it up!

Let the workers of a town
Sink or struggle, float or drown—
Take their mill and close it down—
Buy it up!

So it is in social life:
If you want a handsome wife,
Buy her up!

Little matter how you woo,
Or the things you say or do—
Let your money talk for you—
Buy her up!

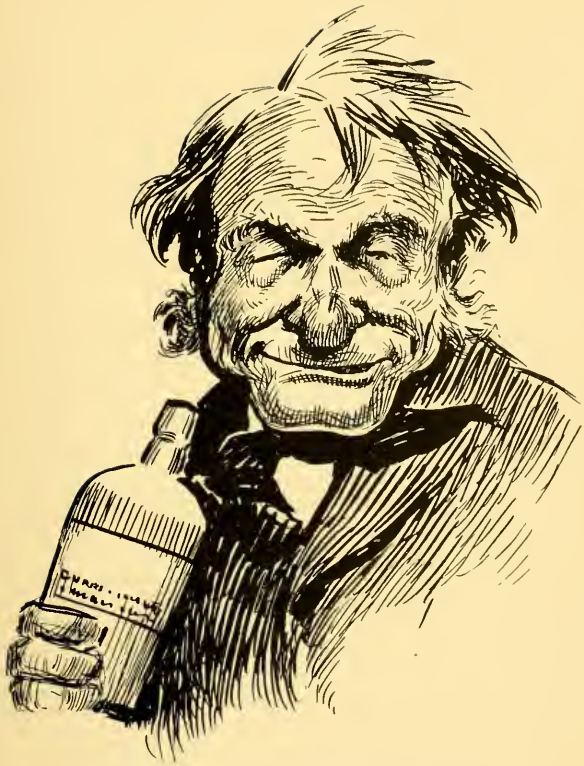
You can show that black is white;
They will preach your wrong as right—
Buy 'em up!

If the laws defy your skill
Introduce a Robbery bill—
There are Congressmen who will
Buy 'em up!

A TESTIMONIAL

I thought that my health was as good as the next,
But learned it was terribly bad;
For I found, after reading the newspaper text
Of a loud patent-medicine ad.,
That mushrooms were growing all over my liver,
That something was loose in my heart,
That due to my spleen all my nerves had turned green
And my lungs were not doing their part.
I wrote Dr. Sharko and got as an answer,
"The wart on your thumb is incipient cancer."

I've taken Ze-ru-na for forty-nine days,
And Scamp Bark, my symptoms to gag;
And isn't it queer—all my pains disappear
When the medicine gives me a jag!
A "lovely sensation" I get from them all
Which banishes carking annoy,
So gayly I drink 'em—and Lydia Pinkum
Has added her quota of joy.
And I've sent Dr. Bogie a neat little sum
For "radium tests" on the wart on my thumb.



"I'VE TAKEN ZE-RU-NA FOR FORTY-NINE DAYS.

When Baby is restless a bottle I keep
Of Ma Winslow's Syrup. It takes
A spoonful of poison to put him to sleep
And another one when he awakes;
He lies in a paralyzed, hypnotized state,
So calm you can see at a glance
That the dear little chick sleeps as sound as a brick
When he's neatly laid out in a trance;
And I'm sure every Mother could learn, if she would,
The knock-out-drop method to keep Baby good.

While reading bright essays on "wonderful cures"
In decent newspapers each day
I see all the symptoms our tired flesh endures
And fly to my drugs in dismay.
I've Snydrozone, Fakeozone stocked on my shelf
With Horner's Safe Waters of Life:
I'm taking three-fourths of the tipple myself
And giving the rest to my Wife—
And if there is anything left after that
I give it to Admiral Togo, the cat.

So this Testimonial I would indorse
To give all Poor Sufferers hope.
Much pain I've endured, but I'm " Positive Cured "—
So long as I'm taking the dope.
The Baby has spasms, my Wife's throwing fits,
And I'm feeling fuzzy and bad—
For I feel we've amassed all the symptoms at last
Which you read in the medicine ad.
The ready-made Cure and the Angels who make it
Thus comfort and bless the poor Devils who take it!



"MY WIFE'S THROWING FITS."

UNCLE SAM—NURSEMAID

Urged by motives nowise harmful—
 Beneficial, if you will—
Uncle Samuel's got an armful
 Of republics infantile.
Uncle hates their constant riot,
 But he has the knowledge grim
That he's got to keep 'em quiet,
 For they all depend on him.
So he sings in accents gritty
 This enthusiastic ditty:

"Bye-low, Cuba, mind your Pa!
 Bye-bye, baby Panama!
Quit your scrappin',
 Fall to nappin'
I'm your Uncle—there you are.
 Never mind the naughty gringo—
Hush-a-bye, there—sh-h-h!—by jingo,
 What's the matter, San Domingo?"

Added to your Uncle's worry
 Come from many a tropic zone
Fledglings revolutionary
 Which he has to call his own.
Kith, by right of war related,
 Uncle tries to keep them good,
Since they've been assimilated

In the Nation's sisterhood.
Still his tone is rather peevish
As he rocks his foundlings thievish:

"Bye-bye, Jolo, Luzon, Guam,
Porto Rico—please be calm!
Bye-low, Sulu,
Honolulu,
Don't be scared, you're free from harm.
I can't talk your heathen lingo,
But I'll do my best—by jingo,
Stop that fightin', San Domingo!"

Uncle's troubles are prolific.
Since his first paternal thought
Every brat of the Pacific
Flies to him—or else is brought.
Kids with names beyond pronouncing
Cling to him and prattle for
Just one good, old-fashioned trouncing—
Then they're his for evermore.
Weighed by more than he can trundle,
Uncle lifts the white man's bundle.

"Bye-low, bye, my Tagalese,
China baby and Bornese.
Drop those Mausers—
Here are trousers
Which you'll wear, if you would please.
Speak the lingo of the gringo—
Say, I'll wring your neck, by jingo,
You young nuisance, San Domingo!"

THE MERIT SYSTEM IN HELL

According to custom, Satan sat
Examining peasant and autocrat,
And indicating where each should go
In his special department, tier and row.

But presently through the infernal roar
A scramble was heard outside the door,
And the fiends dragged in a Trust Magnate
And an eloquent Walking Delegate.

"Sit down," said the Chief to the Trust Magnate,
"And the sum of your virtues briefly state.
Make haste," he added, "the night grows old,
And I've customers waiting outside in the cold."

Said the Trust Magnate, with an unctious air,
As he took his seat in a spike-bottomed chair,
"Dear sir, don't rake me over the coals,—
I've given work to a million souls.

"Men have grown haggard and old in my pay,
Mothers have toiled both night and day,

Children have wrought at each shuttle and
spool
When they might have been wasting their
time at school.

" Early and late, in cell and pen,
I have given Work to the tribes of men."
" Enough! " said the Fiend, with compassion
great,
As he turned to the Walking Delegate.

" I have gone," said the Delegate, " into the
moil
Where sweating laborers slave and toil;
In the roar of mills and prosperity's hum
I have brought the Worker's Millennium.

" A Sabbath reigned where my voice was
heard,
Harsh labor ceased when I gave the word;
Thus a million souls in a day would pass
From the ranks of toil to the leisure class.

" Blessings on all who have entered my ken—
I have given Rest to the tribes of men."
" Enough! " said Satan, and you might trace
A benevolent gleam on his glowing face.



"CONGRESSMAN SNIDE."

So he tinkled a bell, and said with a grin,
To the purple attendant who entered in,
" Deliver this pair to the brimstone can
That's labeled, ' For Friends of the Working-
man.' "

IMMIGRATION

Ezekiel, the Puritan,
 Thus lifts his protestation:
" By ginger, I'm American,
 And don't like immigration.
Naow I jest guess I got here fust
 And know what I'm about,
When I declar' we'll all go bust
 Or keep them aliens out."

Max Heidelburg, the German, says:
 " Jah also. Right, mein frendt.
If ve dot foreign trash admit
 Our woes will nefer endt.
I am Americans as you
 Und villing to ge-shout
' Hurray mit red und vite und plue,
 Und keep dose aliens oudt! "

Ike Diamondstein, the Jew, exclaims:
 " Ah, Izzy, ain't dat grandt!
Ve Yangees haf such nople aims
 Und vill togeder standt,
Ve've got der goods, ve're nach'ralized—
 Vat hinters us from shouten
' Americavich is civilzized,
 So keep dose aliens outen! "



"JAH ALSO."

Pietro Garibaldi says:
" Here ever-r-ry man is king.
I catch-a da fun, I mak-a da mon,
I like-a da ever-r-ryt'ing.
American he gent-a man—
Watch-a da Dago shout,
' Sell-a da fruit, shin-a da boot,
Keep-a da alien out! ' "

The Irishman vociferates:
" Sure, Mike, it's sahft as jelly.
I'll take the shtick and crack the pates
Of ivery foreign Kelly.
If it's the call o' polyticks,
Then I'm the la'ad to shout,
' Down wid th' Da-agos an' th' Micks,
An' keep th' aliens out! ' "

But covered with ancestral tan,
Beside his wigwam door,
The only real American
Counts idle talk a bore.
" Ugh! Pale-face man he mighty thief.
Much medicine talk about—
It heap too late for Injun chief
To keep-um alien out."

PLAINT OF AN ANCIENT CLIFF-DWELLER

In a penny museum a Cliff-Dweller's skull
Reclined, an old relic of cavernous hollows,
Who winked at me twice from his cavities dull,
And opened his grin and orated as follows:

"With tenants above you and lodgers below
And porters and hall-boys wherever you're at,
You also may know the poor Cliff-Dweller's woe
Who lived in an antediluvian flat.

"We moved in our cave, Mrs. Bear-Face and I—
A tenth-floor apartment (five bones was the rental).
'Twas a clay-finished suite with the ceilings quite high,
And frescoed with shin-bones and teeth ornamental.

"But the tenants below and the tenants above
They worried us daily with this thing and that—
True hearts in a cottage may live upon love,
But not in an antediluvian flat.

" The Stonehatchet-Smiths (sixth floor rear)
how they'd fight!
And their daughter sang popular airs in
soprano;
The Catts (two below) had bridge parties
all night,
And Spearhandle-Jones played a home-
made piano.

" Our bedrooms, alas! were so stuffy and
small
That the walls on both sides with our el-
bows were dented.
We piled all our furniture out in the hall,
For freight elevators were not then in-
vented.

" We carried our groceries ten flights of stairs
(And that's a good deal for a delicate
feller):
The landlord was constantly putting on airs
And raising the rent on the poor old Cliff-
Dweller.

" 'Twas racket above us, 'twas rumpus below,
We sent in complaints, but they didn't mind
that—
I ask but your sympathy, stranger—you know
How mortal can suffer who lives in a flat."

I uttered a sigh, which I couldn't refrain,
For this ghostly flat-dweller who lived ere the flood:
For the Man in Apartments is bound to complain,
Be his flat of mahogany, marble or mud.

A LETTER FROM HOME

(*From the Princess Boo-Lally at Gumbo Goo, South Sea Islands, to her brother, Prince Umbobo, a sophomore at Yale.*)

" It is spring, my dear Umbobo,
On the isle of Gumbo Goo,
And your father, King Korobo,
And your mother long for you.

" We had missionaries Monday,
Much the finest of the year—
Our old cook came back last Sunday,
And the stews she makes are *dear.*

" I've the *loveliest* string of knuckles
Which dear Father gave to me,
And a pair of shin-bone buckles
Which I *so* wish you could see.

" You remember Mr. Booloo?
He is coming over soon
With some friends from Unatulu—
We all hope they'll call at noon.

" Mr. Booloo's rather slender,
But we'll fix him up with sage,
And I think he'll be quite tender
For a fellow of his age.

" Genevieve O-loola's marriage
Was arranged so *very* queer—
Have you read ' The Bishop's Carriage '?
Don't you think it's just *too dear?*

"I am hoping next vacation
I may visit you a while.
In this out-of-way location
It's *so* hard to know the style.

" Will you try and match the sample
I enclose—be sure it's green.
Get three yards—that will be ample.
Velvet, mind, not velveteen.

" Gentle Mother worries badly,
And she thinks it is a shame
That a man like Dr. Hadley
Lets you play that football game.

" For the way they hurt each other
Seems so barbarously rude—
No, you've not been raised, dear brother,
To do anything so crude.

" And those horrid meals at college—
Not what you're accustomed to.
It is hard, this quest for knowledge,
But be brave. " Your sister,
Boo."

" P. S.—

" If it's not too great a bother
And a mental overtax,
Would you send your poor old father,
C. O. D., a battle-axe? "



"I SEE SO MUCH VAT ISS NICHT DUTCH."

A FEW WORDS FROM WILHELM

Man vants put leedle hier pelow
 Und vants dot leedle Dutch—
Der vishes vich I vish, I know,
 Are nicht so fery much:
Choost Europe, Asia, Africa,
 Der Vestern Hemisphere
Und a coaling-station in Japan—
 Dot vill pe all dis year.

Hi-lee, hi-lo, der winds dey plow
 Choost like Die Wacht am Rhein;
Und vat iss mein pelongs to Me,
 Und vat iss yours iss mein!

Jah also, ven I vloat aroundt
 Mitin mein royal yacht
I see so much vat iss nicht Dutch
 Dot—ach, du lieber Gott!—
It gif me such a shtrange distress
 I gannot undershtand
How volks gan lif in happiness
 Mitout no Vaderland!

Hi-lee, hi-lo, der winds dey plow
 As I sail around apout
To gif der Nations good advice
 Und sousages und kraut.

Each hour I shange mein uniform,
Put I never shange mein mindt,
Und efery day I make ein spooch
To penefit mankindt:
Race Soosancide, der Nation's Pride,
Divorce und Public Sins—
I talk so much like Rosenfeldt
I dink ve must pe tvins!

Hi-lee, hi-lo, der vinds dey plow
Der maxim Rule or Bust—
You gannot wreck our skyndicate
Ven Gott iss in der Trust!

Being ein kviet Noodral Power,
I know mein chob, you bet—
I pray for Beace, und hope for War
Und keep mein powder wet;
Put ven I've nodings else to do
Put shtandt around und chat,
Den der Right Divine talks nonsense t'rough
Mein military hat.

Hi-lee, hi-lo, der vinds dey plow
Und softly visper dis:
"Der Kaiser he iss more as yet
Und all iss right vat Iss!"



"I TALK SO MUCH LIKE ROSENFELT
I DINK VE MUST PE TVINS."

O CHEERFUL BIRD!

Grimly laughs the carnal vulture,
" You're a world of light and culture,
Yet I'm ready to insult your
Pretty creeds of peace again;
For enlightened lands are filling
With a wholesome lust for killing—
Blood is warm and ripe for spilling
In the foremost tribes of men.

" Smell the fresh-drawn blood in Thibet;
See, the Jews are at the gibbet,
While the Russian's aching rib it
Brings increased desire to slay.
In the savage thirst for barter
England longs to scratch the Tartar
While the Moslems make a martyr
Of a Christian every day.

" Yes, you Yankees growing bigger,
Posing as a model ' figger,'
When you hang and burn a nigger
Are you better than the rest?
When your mobs with fiendish faces
Slaughter in their war of races,
Does it make your cultured graces
Shine by contrast with the best?

" Why cast Servia to the devil
In damnation cool and level
For her talent mediæval
For dispatching kings and queens?
Is the Turk a villain double
As he peaks and pines for trouble
Just to prick the Christian bubble
With the dagger in his jeans?

" Rolling time has changed your fashions,
Changed your weapons (not your passions),
And the vulture has his rations
Which his cravings recommend.
Just as long as there is sinning
Death and blood will have their inning,
As it was in the beginning
And it shall be at the end."

OFFICER O'LEARY AT THE CROSSING

'Tis all along Fifth avenue, as wheels the grand display
Of hansom, coach, victoria, of landau and coupé,
That like Napoleon Bonaparte reviewing his array,
Stands Officer O'Leary at the crossing.

" Whoa, there! slow there! Can't ye understand?
Dhraw back! shtop that hack whin Oi howld up me hand.
That's the way ye must obey whin th' gineral gives command,"
Says Officer O'Leary at the crossing.

'Tis all along Fifth avenue the city orchid blooms,
The miles and miles of many styles, furs and silks and plumes;
But keen and stern, the censor of the coachmen and grooms,
Stands Officer O'Leary at the crossing.

" Whoa, now! slow now! Put yer horse to grass!
Aisy, sure, ye fresh chafoor—don't give me anny sass!

Halt, Oi say, an' open way to let this lady pass!"
Says Officer O'Leary at the crossing.

Half a mile of millionaires along that moving chain,
Dappled grays and thoroughbreds with cropped and arching mane—
But Maggie Flynn, the milliner, need not appeal in vain
To break the grand procession at the crossing.

"Whoa, there! slow there! Don't give me anny chin!
Stiddy, sure, ye fresh chafoor, before I run yez in!
Whin Oi've me say ye'll all give way fer little Maggie Flynn!"
Says Officer O'Leary at the crossing.

GRANDEUR

"My land!" says little Lizzie Cohn,
Beside the sweat-shop door,
"If I wuz Mamie Cassidy,
Whose fader keeps a store,
I'd have a hat wid feaders on
An' then I'd git a beau
Who'd take me to the thee-ay-ter
Where we c'd see the show—
If I wuz Mamie Cassidy
Jest watch the pace I'd go!"

"Gee whizz!" says Mamie Cassidy,
When she sees Lottie Blank,
"Her father's awful prosperous—
He's teller in a bank.
She gets her candy by the box
And clothes to beat the Dutch—
If I was fixed like Lottie is
I wouldn't want for much!"

"Dear, dear," says fragile Lottie Blank,
"It's charming, to be sure,
The life of Alice Van der Knob—
Too bad that we're so poor!
I'd go to Paris every year
And have a lovely yacht;
If I was Alice Van der Knob
I'd wed a Duke—why not?"

And so does Woman weave the chain
 Unto the bitter end;
The more good Fortune gives to her
 The more she wants to spend.
The same small Imp of Vanity
 Plies restlessly his job
In wistful little Lizzie Cohn
 And Alice Van der Knob.



"DER KAISER HE ISS MORE AS YET."

FOURTH OF JULY

Fourth of July, you're a fine old antiquity
Cured in saltpetre and brimstone and smoke,
Rattlety-bang at the British iniquity,
History crystallized into a joke!
Annual earthquake, tornado and fire-alarm,
Giving Insurance a tragical turn,
Making the householder tremble in dire alarm—
Patriotism and powder to burn.
I'm not defending you,
I'm not befriending you;
Still, when you stop and consider it, why
Shouldn't you jar us up,
Shatter and scar us up?
You're not to blame—you're the Fourth of July!

Fourth of July, you're a bit hypocritical;
Day when the great Declaration is read,
Day when the Patriot (wholly political),
Speaks of " the spot where our Forefathers bled ";
Day when old Tammany goes for the masses of
Votes with a union-and-liberty air,
Buncombe and bunting to rope in the classes of

People who neither consider nor care;
Great Anniversary,
Think not this cursory
View of the subject disloyalty—Why
Shouldn't the use of you
End in abuse of you?
You're not to blame—you're the Fourth of July.

Fourth of July, you're a reckless and notional,
Crazy old, daisy old dynamite spree—
I can't confront you without an emotional
Whoop for the Flag and the Land of the Free.
R-r-r-r-rip-a-tip, Bang!! and a boyhood's delirious
Pulse goes buck-sawing for all that it's worth—
Any durn foe with intentions half serious
Better lie down or get off of the earth!
List to the Gatling
Of rattling and battling,
Fire-dragons vomiting over the sky!
War may be hellish,
But, ah, what a relish
Flavors destruction on Fourth of July!

Fourth of July, you're a fiery Pictorial
Showing our land at its worst and its best;
More, let us hope, than a rag-time memorial
Nerve-shaking, ear-breaking robber of rest.

Sometimes I hear, through the racket and
spluttering,
Something more deep than the laughter of
boys,
Some of the pulse that is constantly uttering
When this great Nation speaks deeper than
Noise.
Through your rick-racketting
Clatter and clacketting
Beats the warm Heart of the Country—so
why
Shouldn't you jar us up,
Shatter and scar us up?
You're not to blame—you're the Fourth of
July.

A DAY WITH DIVES

8 A. M.—Mr. Gilt arose and called his trusty
scribe,
"Send $40,000 up to Congress as a bribe."

10:30—Got his auto out and sped around the
block
To steal a million dollars' worth of Liquid
Sunshine Stock.

11:00—Jumped into a cab and made a sneak
for home
To dodge a quick subpœna sent by William
T. Jerome.

1:30—Luncheon at the club; and when the
meal was done
He sent some alimony to his latest-wife-but-
one.

2:30—Back to work again. Signed checks
and sent out bail
To get his confidential clerk and chauffeur out
of jail.

3:10—Sent diamond necklace to his latest
fiancée,
Squeezed out some rather juicy stocks and
closed up for the day.

4:40—Met the agent for a very pretty book
Entitled, "Scares and Scandals." Mr. Gilt first read, then took
The entire first edition in the fraction of a trice.
It cost $10,000, and was cheap at any price.

5:20—Dodged into a cab in order not to meet
A man whom he'd betrayed in speculations on "the street."

8:15—Gave a talk before St. Lucre's Sunday-school
On "Purity in Business and Life — the Golden Rule,"
In which he said, "We all must walk the Path of Uprightness
If we would find the only key to honor and success!"

12:10—To bed. "Count that day lost," he said, "whose setting sun
Beams not upon the record of some noble action done!"

SENATOR UNDERHAND BACCHUS McFEE

Senator Underhand Bacchus McFee,
A business-patriot-statesman was he,
With a hardly discernible
Easily turnable
Handy political coat.
" Though as white and as pure as a lobster I be,
I'll work for both sides and the middle," said he;
" With my easily changeable,
Quickly arrange-able,
Sell-able, buy-able vote."

When a trust wished to parley with Bacchus McFee,
" Your views are opposed to my conscience," said he.
" I've a feeling for principle
Almost invincible—
Feeling for interest, too.
And the safe way to do with a feller like me
Is to buy up my conscience," said Bacchus McFee.
" Though scruples may bother it
Still, you can smother it—
Funny what money can do."

If the opposite side gave him coin, nothing loth,
He secretly pledged his support to 'em both.
"In such a formality
True impartiality
Statesmen should always possess."
And then when the measure was taken to vote,
To the dictates of conscience his ballot he wrote:
So he voted for either one,
Both sides, or neither one—
Blindly, haphazard, by guess.

For Senator Underhand Bacchus McFee,
Though shrewd, was as honest as honest could be;
So he scorned the temptations of
Rich corporations of
Bribers who stood at his throat.
"I'll take all the bribes that they offer," said he,
"But I'll vote as I please, for my country is free,
With my highly dependable,
Cash-dividendable,
Pliable, buyable vote."

THE PIRATE AND THE CABMAN

Sir Humphrey Slasher, buccaneer,
Unto New York came he,
Wearing a pirate's snicker-sneer
And a two-edged snicker-snee.

The trade upon the main was bad
And things looked dark and brown,
But modern weapons must be had;
And that was why, discouraged, sad,
Sir Humphrey came to town.

A hansom-cab he straight did hail:
"Good cabby, cab thou me
To some convenient bargain-sale
Of pirates' cutleree."

The cabby did as he was bid
With deft and graceful touch,
And when they reached their journey's end
Sir Humphrey asked, "How much?"

"Five dollars net," the cabby cried,
"For ye have gone a mile—
I charge one dollar for the ride,
Four dollars for the style.

"Keep me not here," the cabby said,
With glance of fiery scorn;
"Be prompt to pass your ducats o'er,
For many more and many more
I'll plunder ere the morn."

The pallid pirate paid his fare
And swore by Blackbeard's hand:
"I might have been a millionaire,
Had I but stayed on land.

"I'll trade my cutlass for the whip,
My helmet for the plug,
The cab henceforth shall be my ship,
Rich loot therein to lug.

"No more by methods shivery
To capture and maroon—
Me for the cabman's livery
To catch the bright doubloon."

To-day Sir Humphrey sits in pride
Among his black-clad crew
Where pirates on their hansoms ride
Along the avenue.

Man, woman, child, within his bark
He holds for ransom there.
No more his cry, "No quarter!"—hark
His hideous summons, "Fare!"

"FRENZIED FINANCE"

(*How to get rich in an egg-shell.*)

Do you oft long to be a fine millionaire when
You're poor, but too haughty to beg?
Well, go to a neighbor and borrow a hen,
And ask for the use of an egg.

Now next place the hen and the egg on a nest
Where the pullet will work out the trick;
For if she's the talent her manners attest
She'll shortly hatch out a small chick.

Then take back the hen to her owners next day
As fast as your trotters will peg;
And when your own chick is beginning to lay
You can honestly take back the egg.

Thus set up in business, the rest is a snap,
For your chick will have chicks of her own;
And the chicks of these chicks will hatch other chicks' chicks.
If you let them severely alone.

And when all the chicks of these chicks have hatched chicks
And these chicks have hatched chickens, in turn,



THEN YOU'LL BLOW INTO NEWPORT AND PURCHASE A YACHT.

You can sell out your farm, like a thousand
of bricks,
And revel in money to burn.

Then you'll blow into Newport, and purchase
a yacht,
And ask all the neighbors aboard;
And before you are used to the money you've
got,
Your daughter will marry a lord.

HOLY JOHNNIE'S SERMON

" O sinner, come to Sunday-school,"
Says little Johnnie D.,
" Observe the blessed gold brick rule
And try to live like Me.

" 'Tis good of Me to ask you here
To hear My maxims grand,
To listen to My words of cheer
And shake My holy hand.

" But I must point your worldly looks
Toward a higher zone,
While Father steals your pocketbooks
And everything you own.

" Turn not your thoughts to worldly dross,
As you more saintly grow.
The righteous soul can feel no loss—
And Father needs the dough.

" Thanks to the Oil Trust's kindly glut
Your finish I can see,
When Pa runs up expenses,—but
I'm glad Salvation's free.

" Pa owns the Earth, but Heaven is mine,
So save your souls I must,
When I absorb the Sin Combine
In My Salvation Trust."

THE PRICE OF PIETY

" John Dives, man, and have you heard what
the preacher said of you,
Intent your saintly character to smirch? "
" Aye, that I have," John Dives said, " but
the like no more he'll do.
For I have bought the preacher and his
church."

" John Dives, man, and have you heard how
the teacher's spoken out
Against the reign of money and misrule? "
" True, true, he did," John Dives said, " but
he's pledged no more to shout,
For I have bought the teacher and his
school."

" John Dives, man, and did you hear the leg-
islators say
They'd check the sleek, dishonest things
you do? "
" I did," said John, " and they reformed
without the least delay,
For I have bought the Legislature, too."

" My heart is pure," John Dives said, " for
the Coin can do no wrong;
All things are on the market for the buy-
ing.
I've the keys to Earth and Heaven, which I
purchased for a song—
I can get the keys to Hades without try-
ing."

THE HERITAGE OF REST.

Ah, wise is the provident father
 Who labors great fortune to hoard,
Who early and late amasses estate
 That his daughters and sons may be bored.

He never was tired,—patient father!
 He gave uncomplaining his toil
That his heirs might find pleasure and joy beyond measure
 Denied to the kin of the soil.

He knew not the pleasaunce of yawning,
 The leisurely boredom of rest—
Did he know as he moiled and unceasingly toiled
 That his sons should be bored as the best?

They should yawn to be dressed in the morning,
 They should yawn to be coddled and fed,
They should yawn in tired loathing at passion and clothing,
 And yawn to be tucked into bed;
They should yawn at their tea and their liquor,
 They should yawn at their children and wives,

They should yawn night and day at their duties and play,
And yawn till they yawned out their lives.

So practice frugality, father,
And squander no tithe of your hoard;
'Twill be presently so that you'll glory to know
That your sons and your daughters are bored.

The soil may still cling to your fingers,
Unpolished, preoccupied boor,
Though your heirs have the pride of a treasure denied
To the pleasureless tribes of the poor.

MAY MADNESS

(*A Rhapsody in Rasps.*)

I.

It is May, "How do you know it?"
 Asks the Poet. That is easy.
By a sort of hectic madness
 Touched with gladness, wild and breezy.
By my wife's unwonted actions;
By the real-estate transactions;
By the rival baseball factions yelling "Sli-i-
 ide!" in yonder lot
Where the youthful fans in batches
Are ki-yipping like Apaches
In a contest rather ragged, but miraculously
 hot.

II.

It is May—can I forget it?
 I have met it like a martyr,
Yet the tearful contemplation
Of domestic devastation
 Sets me swearing like a Tartar,
As the fierce Philistine laymen,
Harsh, unsympathetic draymen,
Storm like pirates up the stair,
Seize my Lares and Penates
 By the hair,
Work like Demons blindly agile,



AS THE FIERCE, PHILISTINE LAYMEN,
HARSH, UNSYMPATHETIC DRAYMEN
SEIZE MY LARES AND PENATES BY THE HAIR

Charge like bulls among our fragile
Chinaware.
Split! goes table, bang! goes bracket,
Biff! goes sideboard—what a racket—
Thumping, bumping, stumping, jumping
To the van—Go easy, man!
Heaven preserve us!
Hully gee—
I'm getting nervous.

III.

O Woman, in your hours of ease
Delicious, shy, and quick to please,
When May Day swims into your ken
You are a little Cyclone then!

On Human Rights your foot is sot,
Earth's glories fade and Man is not,
And even a Husband grows obscure
And something less than furniture.

IV.

Through the glad May morning in a fair suburban dingle
Woodland Pan stands sulkily a-nailing up a shingle—
All the nymphs and dicky-birds a-loafing round the dale
In amazement read the sign, "These Corner Lots for Sale."

Out in Mr. Jones' backyard stand Flora and
Aurora
Hanging out the Monday wash and doing
chores for Nora;
Clio and attendant nymphs a carpet-sweeper
lug;
Phyllis with a garden-hose is walloping a rug.

Wilkinson, the banker, in his garden over
there
Hoes like Markham's hero, with his fragile
biceps bare;
Now and then a catalogue he strenuously
reads,
Now he wipes his spectacles and scatters let-
tuce seeds.

Pan observes this exercise and stamps his
cloven foot,
Swears by stygian Orcus as he gives his pipes
a toot,
"May ain't what it used to be in this here
strip o' natur'—
Livin' in the suburbs ain't no life for nymph
and satyr!"

V.

It is May. The push-carts smile and
Coney Island is a-sprouting;
Now the trolley-car untiring
Goes perspiring to the outing;



"YELLING 'SLI-I-DE!' IN YONDER LOT."

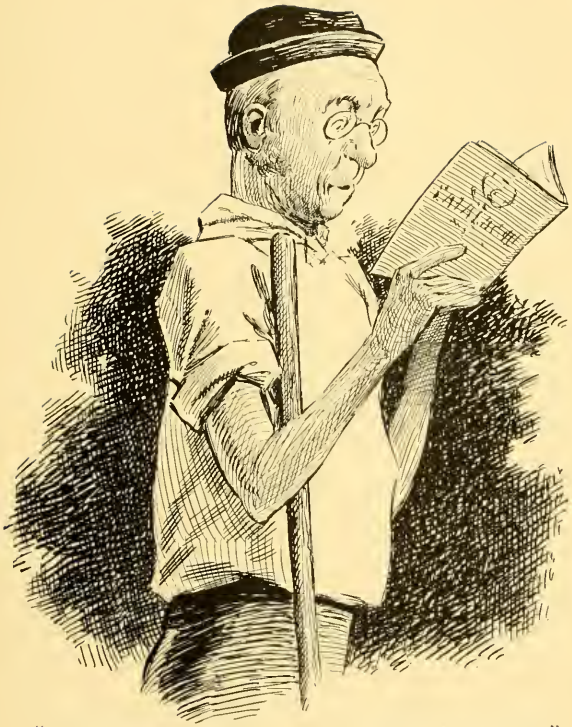
And the Tammany promoter,
And the ordinary voter,
And the animiles of Wall Street's zoological
exhibit
Cease their bleating and their yelling,
And their buying and their selling
In a wistful dream of nature which the winter
months prohibit.
And the Statesman dreams of thickets,
Mother, home, and mileage tickets,
In a way
That distinctly calls attention
To the axiom I mention:
It is May.

CIRCUMSTANCES AND CASES

Upspake the College President, "Young men,
be pure in trade.
Avoid the Festering Finance and the money
that is made
Through devious, insidious
Devices, quite invidious
To purer education and the lofty tablets
cut"——
He might have spoken further in his pleasant
discourse, but

Along came a yeller
Package, marked, " From Rockefeller.
Just a million-dollar token
Of a wish as yet unspoken
That the Fellowship of Scholarship may ever
be unbroken."

Upspake the Reverend Doctor to his snugly
pastured flock,
" Cast not your bread, my brethren, on the
marsh of watered stock,
Where fortunes meretricious
Are amassed through means suspicious;
For howsoever crafty is the robber by whose
skill "—
And thus the pious morsels were contributed,
until



"WILKINSON THE BANKER IN HIS GARDEN OVER THERE"

Along came a bonny
Parcel marked, " From Uncle Johnnie,
Being cash for the conversion
Of the Hindoo and the Persian—
So on the hand of charity let no one cast aspersion."

Upspake the Lawyer to his son, " Avoid the fell disease
Of arguing for Tainted Trusts and their dishonest fees.
For ten to one a Trust is
But a legalized Injustice
A home-destroying octopus devised by business men "—
He might have put conviction in his pleading, but just then

Came a letter smooth and gallant
Saying, " Dear sir:—For your talent
Please accept a situation
With our Coal Oil Corporation
With $100,000 as a yearly stipulation."

DEMOCRACY

There is a Bowery restauranteur—they call
him " Coffee Jake "—
Who makes a humble specialty of serving
Hamburg steak.
He shouts your order down the tube, " A
chopper—make it flat! "
The meat comes hot and costs a dime—and
isn't bad at that.

But at the new St. Rich hotel more formal
airs you'll find,
And one who goes to luncheon leaves the
simple life behind.
A footman meets you at the steps, another
at the door,
And lined up to the dining-room stand many,
many more.

A butler bows you to the room, a waiter to
your chair,
And luncheon takes the aspect of a serious
affair.
A flunkey brings a ménu-card with reverent
respect—
The heavens are hushed and waiting for the
order you select.



WOODLAND PAN STANDS SULKILY A-NAILING UP A SHINGLE

You pause. You're rather short on French,
but then you'll make a bluff.
A Something à la Something Else seems nourishing enough.
The waiter takes your order and attends to your commands,
As grave as an ambassador with nations on his hands.

With portents of a great event the atmosphere is stored.
The silver forks, the crystal glass gleam on the snowy board,
And hark! the corps of servitors attention seem to stand—
The waiter is approaching with your order in his hand!

A silver dish of fair design he sets beneath your nose,
And lifts the cover tenderly its wonders to disclose,
When—lights of poorer, humbler days and shades of "Coffee Jake"!
You recognize no other than your friend, the Hamburg steak!

MORAL.

When one, through change of circumstance, becomes a gilded denizen,
It's fun to see a Hamburg steak assume the airs of venison.

TO THE PURE ALL FOOD IS PURE

Congressman Snide was the Gentleman Jo
Of the National Pure Food Adulterant Co.,
A strenuous patriot, giving his powers
To the health of this glorious country of ours,
And many's the job he
Conspired in the Lobby
Old laws to make new and new laws to provide—
Wood alcohol brandy
And aniline candy
E'er found a warm friend in good Congressman Snide.

(*Said General Sneek, "His great wisdom and tact*
Is shown in the famous Snide Substitute Act.")

No business man with a Food to maintain
E'er called on that scientist-statesman in vain;
With stocks and retainer-fees bulging his coat,
The stronger the Poison, the stronger his vote.
For he said, "What's the pleasure
In killin' a measure
Because it protects indigestible grub?
Why try to defeat it?
We don't have to eat it.
It's only the Public that's gittin' the nub."



"FOR I PLACE GREAT RELIANCE IN SUBSIDIZED SCIENCE"

(*Said Senator Grabb, in a manner polite,*
" Unless you are wrong you are certainly right.")

If a chemist came out with a statement to show
Gross fraud in the Pure Food Adulterant Co.,
Then Congressman Snide could *his* chemist procure.
To prove that his product was " perfectly pure."
" For I place great reliance
In subsidized Science,"
Said Congressman Snide, " when it comes to a pinch;
When you hire a Professor
To act as your guesser,
To the Pure any poison is Pure—that's a cinch! "

(*Said Congressman Coin, with a jerk of his thumb,*
" Them facts what you state is convincing to some.")

When families died after eating canned jam,
Or hospitals groaned with the victims of ham,
Then Congressman Snide, being Graft-on-the-spot,
Was there with the Coroner, likely as not,

To prove tonsilitis,
La grippe, meningitis,
Had brought the poor victims to sudden demise.
While soft applications
Of friendly donations
Bought silent consent from the willing and wise.

(*Said Congressman Hush, as he counted the dead,*
"*There's nothin' so fatal as cold-in-the-head.*")

"For food-education has long been my hobby,"
Said Snide as the House was convened—in the Lobby,
"I'll teach that there Public the things what they need,
If I murder 'em all to accomplish the deed!
The heart, lungs and thorax
Needs brick-dust and borax—
A fact which perhaps them there organs don't know—
I'm killin' folk off at
A nominal profit
For me and the Pure Food Adulterant Co."

(*Said Congressman Leech, "It's inspirin' to feel*
That feller's onselfish and lofty Ideel!")



"I'M KILLIN' FOLKS OFF AT A NOMINAL PROFIT"

CRANKIDOXOLOGY

(*Being a Mental Attitude from Bernard Pshaw.*)

It's wrong to be thoroughly human,
 It's stupid alone to be good,
And why should the " virtuous " woman
 Continue to do as she should?
 (It's stupid to do as you should!)

For I'd rather be famous than pleasant,
 I'd rather be rude than polite;
 It's easy to sneer
 When you're witty and queer,
 And I'd rather be Clever than Right.

I'm bored by mere Shakespeare and Milton,
 Though Hubbard compels me to rave;
If *I* should lay laurels to wilt on
 That fogy Shakespearean grave,
 How William would squirm in his grave!

For I'd rather be Pshaw than be Shakespeare,
 I'd rather be candid than wise;
 And the way I amuse
 Is to roundly abuse
 The Public I feign to despise.

I'm a Socialist, loving my brother
In quite an original way,
With my maxim, " Detest One Another "—
Though, faith, I don't mean what I say.
(It's beastly to mean what you say!)

For I'm fonder of talk than of Husbands,
And I'm fonder of fads than of Wives,
So I say unto you,
If you don't as you do
You will do as you don't all your lives.

My " Candida's " ruddy as coral,
With thoughts quite too awfully plain—
If folks would just call me Immoral
I'd feel that I'd not lived in vain.
(It's nasty, this living in vain!)

For I'd rather be Martyred than Married,
I'd rather be tempted than tamed,
And if *I* had my way
(At least, so I say)
All Babes would be labeled, " Unclaimed."

I'm an epigrammatical Moses,
Whose humorous tablets of stone
Condemn affectations and poses—
Excepting a few of my own.
(I dote on a few of my own.)

For my method of booming the market
When Managers ask for a play
Is to say on a bluff,
" I'm so fond of my stuff
That I don't want it acted—go 'way! "

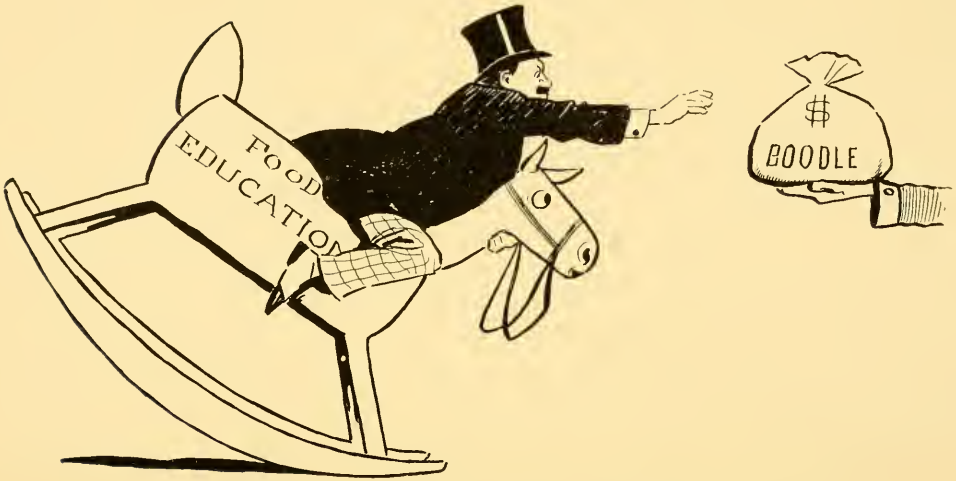
I'm the club-ladies' Topic of Topics,
Where solemn discussions are spent
In struggles as hot as the tropics,
Attempting to find what I meant.
(*I* Never Can Tell what I meant!)

For it's fun to make bosh of the Gospel,
And it's sport to make gospel of Bosh,
While divorcées hurrah
For the Sayings of Pshaw
And his sub-psychological Josh.

AFTER READING A CHAPTER BY HENRY JAMES

And after Angelina, laying down
The book—that is—she often thought it so;
Had recognized, as one might say, a frown
(Could she translate the answer Yes and No?)
Had taken up the, as it were, effect
Of, Angelina's training had been such
That, yet, however harsh and circumspect—
Even her father deemed it overmuch—
One does these things unconsciously, I think,
Thus in proportion as we don't we do;
So pausing rather vaguely on the brink
She wondered, was it by, and if so, to?

For Angelina Hale was not that kind
Of girl, and it would be unfair to say
With such an intuition in her mind
As these, those — does it matter either way?—
Which she had, of a purpose, I suppose;
And they do have so many ways to choose,
A point which, she remembered, last arose
The day she left her arctic overshoes,
And then, of course, that doesn't count for one
Whose very instinct (*is* it wrong to try?)



"FOR FOOD EDUCATION HAS LONG BEEN MY HOBBY"

Since, yes, what other, lesser souls have done,
For which, with what, is oftenest done by.

And thus reflecting, Angelina Hale
Reviewed the thoughts that she had read about,
Then with a smile triumphant, wan and pale,
Sank back upon her pillows, quite fagged out.

TO AN INDIAN SKULL.

(*Found in a Broadway Excavation.*)

Gaunt relic with the vacant smile,
What think you of Manhattan isle,
Your tribesmen sold in trustfulness
For thirty dollars, more or less?

My! if your legs were with you yet,
You'd kick, I am disposed to bet,
Because you sold out in a slump
Before your stocks began to jump.

Step lively, please! you cannot buy
The hallowed ground you occupy;
For these God's acres have been sold
For very near their weight in gold.

Where once your wigwam fluttered, see
Yon million-dollar steel tepee—
Where once your war-dance gave its thrill
Now flings the nightly vaudeville.

Here sat your god of wood and stone—
Poor idol, how his time has flown!
Now through the broadcloth tribes is borne
The Calf of gilded hoof and horn.

Where your spare chieftains tread the trail
Behold the hansom smartly sail
Wherein the Johnnie sits alone
With skull as hollow as your own.

Well may you mark with chattering teeth
The " L " above, the " Sub " beneath,
The Babel roar of truck and van—
Sleep on, poor relic,—if you can!

THE ANT AND THE ELEPHANT

In the jungle, jungle, jingle,
Where the animals commingle,
Came an Elephant, whose single
 Aim was dignified repose;
Till an Ant, in accents painful,
Hailed the Elephant disdainful,
"Sir, excuse my comments plain-ful,
 But you're standing on my toes!"

But the tower of brute creation,
At this base insinuation
(Undisturbed his contemplation),
 Only blinked and flopped his ear;
Quoth the Ant, in mighty dudgeon,
"Ouch! you hurt! lift up your bludgeon
From my foot, you hulking gudgeon—
 Are you deaf, or don't you hear?"

Said the Elephant, benighted,
"Tut, tut, child! don't get excited—
By and by I'll be dee-lighted
 To remove this groundwork fat;
All these demonstrations ant-ic,
Make me positively frantic."
Then he placed one toe gigantic
 On the Ant—and squashed him flat.

Here's a moral I would tender
Unto you, small Retail spender —
When a Trust steps on your slender
 Little tootsie, don't you squeal;
Better offer no resistance
Or the Trust, at such insistence,
Will discover your existence
 And remove you—with his heel.

THE POET OF FUTURITY

Though too humble to aspire on eulogies to
Keats or Byron,
Though I leave my Milton mute but not
inglorious,
Though to Will of gentle Avon there is not a
rhyme I have on
Tap to make the work of scholars more
laborious;
Yet there *is* one bard I wot of who deserves
Apollo's knot of
Imitation laurels, and I'd fain bestow it—
'Tis that Poe of soups and brandies, patent
cereals and candies,
That unflinching soul, the Advertising Poet.

Whitman sang in misfit numbers of potatoes
and cucumbers,
Markham humanized the hoe in stanzas
tragical;
But our advertising hero drops these bearded
bards to zero,
Giving common things a twist no less than
magical.
Higley's tea (he says) has flavor that defies
the nectar's savor,
Purple Pills are Great, and all the world
should know it;

Corntop Whiskey is the tipple good for infant, youth, and cripple,
Says the ready-rhyming Advertising Poet.

When earth's streams and fields and valleys all give place to streets and alleys,
And when every wildwood deer has gone to venison;
When there's no more rapture swimmin' in the eyes and hearts of women,
And Parnassus is a knoll without a denizen;
Then the Laureate of Cocoa may serenely sit *in loco,*
And, unrivalled in commercial frenzy, go it,
While the library partitions bulge with fat *de luxe* editions
Of the world's last bard, the Advertising Poet.

FALL STYLES IN FACES

Faces this Fall will lead the styles
 More than in former years
With something very neat in smiles
 Well trimmed with eyes and ears.
The Gayer Set, so rumor hints,
 Will have their noses made
In all the famous Highball Tints—
 A bright carnation shade.

For morning wear in club and lobby,
The Dark Brown Taste will be the hobby.

In Wall Street they will wear a gaze
 To match the paving-stones.
(This kind, Miss Ida Tarbell says,
 John Rockefeller owns.)
Loud mouths, sharp glances, furtive looks
 Will be displayed upon
The faces of the best-groomed crooks
 Convened in Washington.

Among the Saints of doubtful morals
Some will wear halos, others laurels.

Checkered careers will be displayed
 On faces neatly lined,
And vanity will still parade
 In smirks—the cheaper kind.

Chins will appear in Utah's zone
Adorned with lace-like frizzes,
And something striking will be shown
In union-labor phizzes.

The gentry who have done the races
Show something new in Poker Faces.

Cheek will supplant Stiff Upper Lips
And take the place of Chin;
The waiters will wear ostrich tips
When tipping days begin.
The Wilhelm Moustache, curled with scorn,
Will show the jaw beneath,
And the Roosevelt Smile will still be worn
Cut wide around the teeth.

If Frenzied Finance waxes stronger
Stocks will be " short " and faces longer.

But if you have a well-made face
That's durable and firm,
It's features you need not replace—
'Twill wear another term.
Two eyes, a nose, a pair of ears,
A chin that's clean and strong
Will serve their owner many years
And never go far wrong.

But if your face is shoddy, Brother,
Run to the store and buy another!

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HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.
DEC 88
N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA 46962